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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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On Easter Day.

On Easter day the world seems sweet, yet sad;
The fair buds burst, the little birds are glad;
The air is tender with the breath of spring,
And all the little children sing
On Easter day.

On Easter day the world seems sanctified:
Forgotten is all pomp, and greed and pride,
The lowly violet and the lily tall,
Shed side by side, their fragrance over all
On Easter day.

On Easter day methinks she shows to me
A richer grace, a kinder charity;
And, as the lily to the violet bends,
She stoops to me, and we are almost friends
On Easter day.

On Easter day—if it could only last,
And all the warmth were not so quickly past,
I think perchance the world would happier be,
For dear Christ came to her and me
On Easter day.

Moved by an Easter Anthem.

Andrew Hay had sung in St. Luke's church since he was eleven years old. Now he was seventeen. Four new surplices had been furnished him, and his present one was decidedly too short. As he marched at the head of the choir, the abrupt descent from the leader to the next boy in size marred the symmetry of the line. If the rector or choir-master noticed this they prized Andrew's voice too highly to speak of it, but Andrew himself knew it and it made him ill at ease. The leaven of approaching manhood was so active within him that he felt out of place among so many smaller boys.

When the Easter rehearsals began and the choir-master said to him, "You must be measured for a new surplice, Andrew," he replied that he had decided not to sing any longer. The leader looked at him in dismay.

"Not sing any longer, Andrew! Why, we cannot possibly do without you. Has anything gone wrong?"

"You must have noticed, sir, that in size, at least, I have quite outgrown a boy choir. I both look and feel awkward in it. Naturally, you would dislike to tell me so, therefore, the best way is for me to dismiss myself before I become a real incumbrance." The choir-master taken thus by surprise scarcely knew how to reply. At length he said: "I know, Andrew, that you cannot always remain a boy, but think the time has not yet come when you need to leave the choir. I think I voice the sentiment of the entire congregation when I say we cannot spare your voice. There has been some talk of forming an adult choir in addition to the surplised one. When the time comes for you to part company with the boys, you can join that."

"I think the time has come already. Of course, I cannot use this surplice at Easter, and it is folly to purchase another for me."

"The price would be a small one to pay for your help at Easter alone. Promise you will stay till after Easter at any rate. I am sure the rector would say that a voice like yours should not be withheld from the Master's service."

"I want to do what is right, and I love to sing. Yes, I will stay until after Easter; but my resignation must take effect immediately after. It is right that you should have that much time in which to fill my place."

The doctrine of heredity had been impressed upon Ralph Horton's mind since his earliest childhood. His mother had for years been superintendent of the department in her local W. C. T. U. Not only did the library tables teem with literature upon the subject, but it was common talk in the family. Although Ralph often wearied of it, and as he grew older sometimes caricatured it, yet he never for a moment really doubted its truth. Doubtless his mother, extremist though she had become through constant consideration of one side only of the question, would have been shocked had she known that to him it was a doctrine of fatalism. Whatever you are born to be, you will be, and there's no fighting against it. Heredity is an unmitigated curse or blessing as the case may be.

Had she known this and also that he had already tasted his first glass of wine, she would not have said to

him exactly what she did when he left her to begin his college life. She told him a carefully guarded family secret. It was that his father, who had died in Ralph's infancy, had been a victim to alcohol through inherited appetite and a doctor's prescription. Then she had said with an emphasis which sounded a deathknell to her son's high hopes for the future:

"Your only safety lies in never drinking the first glass. One taste could arouse a demon of appetite which would lead you to certain ruin."

He said some husky words of thanks and kissed his mother goodbye, but he did not tell her that the danger line of which she warned him had already been passed! What use? Why bring that haunting terror into her life? He could only hope that death would claim one of them before the final catastrophe came. How well he remembered that first glass! It was at a banquet given his high school football team in a neighboring city. He disliked being conspicuous and nearly all the boys took wine. Besides he owned to a strong curiosity to know how the deadly stuff tasted. It had such a strange effect upon him that he scarcely knew whether fear or pleasure predominated—but he wanted another glass. Then the very sight and smell of it bewitched him and he would have taken still more had not a comrade whispered:

"You've had enough, boy. Do you want to go home drunk and disgrace the team?"

Not the team but mother! That thought brought him to his senses. As they went out he whispered to the friend who had warned him:

"Don't say anything about the wine at home, please. I'm never going to touch it again. My first drink shall be my last."

But another temptation had come at a class "spread," given by a high school senior, anxious to ape college ways. It seemed to Ralph that if his life had depended upon it, he could not have refused the wine after its subtle odor had penetrated his senses. He had drained three glasses, and his host had looked curiously at him as he filled a fourth and said, with a laugh that was almost a sneer:

"When the sons of temperance cranks once slip the noose they go to greater lengths than any of us."

The slighting allusion to his mother shocked him a second time into his senses and roused all the manhood within him. He set the glass down untasted and sprang to his feet, anger for the moment getting the better of appetite.

"You are right," he said. "It is time I left both you and the wine. It is late and my mother will be anxious. Good-night."

As he walked home in the cold starlit night he made a solemn vow never to touch wine again and avoid all companies where it was likely to be served. Yet, sometimes the very memory of the sparkling liquor would set his veins tingling and a great longing for it would seize him. Now he understood it all. King Alcohol claimed him by the inexorable decree of heredity, and the fires of his hell had been kindled in that first glass of wine. If he could only fight it off till his mother died!

The college to which he was going was one of the oldest and most influential in the land—founded by a Christian church. Probably he would be safe from temptation while there. To his horror he found that there were dozens of saloons and brothels within two blocks of the college campus. Not only this, but the students were allowed to have liquors in their rooms and serve them at banquets and private "spreads." All the air about was redolent of the odor which meant death to his soul. Avoiding all society, he shut himself in his room, never left the campus unless necessity compelled, and worked desperately for class honors. He would give his mother what comfort he could. So things went on until the Easter holiday arrived. He had made a brave fight and so far conquered, but he was worn out with close confinement and overwork, and felt his will-power weakening day by day.

Easter Sunday dawned bright and beautiful with bird songs and spring odors in the air. But Ralph Horton felt out of harmony with nature. The church bells jarred

upon his nerves. Morbid brooding had made him cynical. He said that religion was a mockery, and church organization a farce. Was not the devil stronger than God? He was triumphing every day—must triumph in the end, and this thing called heredity was his deadliest weapon wrested from the very hand of Him who created it. He spent the day reading Rousseau and writing to his mother. By the time the evening church bells rang, he had a maddening headache. He opened his door to let in more air. A student passing had spilled some wine in the hallway just in front of Ralph's door. He caught its scent and staggered back into his room. Great beads of perspiration were on his face. What was the use? He could not hold out much longer, and—his mother might live for years. Evidently the only thing to do was to end his own life. A suicide was more respected than a drunkard, and he could manage to make it appear accidental. Ah! he had it! He would take a boat and go out on the river. His mother knew he was unskillful with the oars. But before he went he would have one last glorious drink. He would drink to the Mighty Demon, Heredity! He dressed himself carefully and went out. The capricious April weather had changed and a strong east wind was blowing. So much the better! The river would be very rough.

He passed St. Luke's church just as the choir boys were marching in. A voice of marvelous beauty arrested him. He turned to see whence it came. The church door stood open for some late comers. The light streamed out upon the pavement, and the rich scent of Easter lilies came with it. He stopped and listened to the voice. Clearly the words of the processional fell upon his ears:

"In the beauty of the lilies,
Christ was born on the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy,
So He rose to make men free."

Music had always a powerful influence over Ralph Horton, and the wonderful voice drew him irresistibly. He followed the late comers into the church and slipped quietly into a vacant seat next the central aisle. He scarcely heeded the prayers but sat awaiting the voice, with the words, "He rose to make men free," echoing in his mind. He scarcely knew when the prayers changed to Scripture reading until these words arrested him:

"The sting of death is sin."
He shuddered and thought of the turbulent, rushing river—and after that * * * * *

"But thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
"Thus endeth the first lesson."

A moment's hush, then faint and sweet as though the breath of the Easter lilies had broken into articulate speech, organ notes and clear boyish voices blending in almost perfect harmony—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."

A strange calm fell upon Ralph Horton's troubled soul. The mood of the music was swaying him. As the low chant ended, the organ notes glided gently into the prelude of an Easter anthem.

Feeling that this was his last Sunday in the choir, Andrew Hay resolved to do his very best, to forget himself and let the soul of the music possess him. A few more low sweet notes from the organ, a sudden swell of gladness—a hush—and a voice of joy and triumph proclaimed, "I know that my redeemer lives!"

Ralph Horton started and leaned suddenly forward as though the words had been addressed to himself alone. All the misery, the despair, the unutterable longing for rescue that had filled his soul during the past months of torture, seemed to speak from the burning eyes that shone from his haggard face. Unconscious of everything save that wonderful song of redemption, he remained in the same attitude until the last notes of the anthem died slowly on the throbbing air. The rector saw him and his own soul responded to the look of agonized entreaty in the young student's face. His thoughts flew swiftly during the singing of the anthem.

Then there happened a strange

thing in St. Luke's Church. For the first time in its history the rector preached without notes. A carefully prepared sermon on "Consider the lilies," lay untouched in its handsome leather case. Without giving chapter or verse, he announced his text: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Then he preached not to the fashionable congregation, but to the young man with the anguish of a lost soul speaking from his eyes. He preached of Resurrection—not from the grave, but from the bondage of sin and fleshly lusts.

Still a stranger thing happened when the sermon was finished. Stepping in front of his desk the rector said in tones of entreaty:

"If there is one here to-night anxious to escape from the bondage of the flesh and would like a word of personal counsel from one who has suffered in like manner, I shall be glad to meet him in the vestry at close of service. Follow the path on the east side of the church and enter by the outside door."

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" exclaimed a fashionable lady, as she left the church. "One might as well be in the Salvation Army barracks and have done with it!"

But Ralph Horton followed the path on the east and met the rector waiting for him at the open door.

Just as the clocks struck the midnight hour, the two men rose from their knees. The look of despair on the young student's face had given place to one of glorious hope. As they clasped hands at parting, the rector said:

"Never for a moment doubt, my friend, that He who created it is stronger than the law of heredity, and that he is able and willing to keep that which you have committed to him. But I am certain that when He taught us to pray—'Lead us not into temptation'—He meant that we were to avoid it wherever possible. Therefore, I earnestly advise you to seek another school from which your peculiar foe is excluded. I will go with you, if you wish, and we will state the situation candidly to the faculty. And now, good-night and may God keep you. I will see you again in the morning."

The rector of St. Luke's church did not lose sight of Ralph Horton until he saw him safely established in a school of equal repute with the one he had left, but where he could fight his battle against appetite without such fearful odds against him. Then he sought Andrew Hay and told him of the salvation his voice had accomplished that Easter night. And Andrew, with a great gladness in his heart, promised to stay by the boy choir until the adult one was formed, even though a surplice a month must be furnished him at his own expense.—*Union Signal.*

EASTER.

Easter Sunday is again almost with us and a few thoughts on this "queen of festivals" may not be amiss. The English name, Easter, is generally supposed to have been derived from the name of the Teutonic goddess, Ostera (the goddess of spring), which the Saxons celebrated in the spring, and for which the early Christian missionaries substituted the present festival. The early Christians differed in regard to the time of celebrating Easter. The western churches claimed that St. Philip and St. Paul taught them to celebrate the nearest Sunday to the full moon of the Jewish month of Nisan, regardless of the day upon which the Passover was celebrated by the Jews. The Eastern or Asiatic churches declared that St. John had instructed them to celebrate the third day following the fourteenth day of Nisan (the Jewish Passover) whatever day of the week that might be.

The dispute on the subject was long continued and grew so warm that Victor, Bishop of Rome, broke off communion with the Eastern churches because they would not adopt the Western custom. The matter was finally settled by the Council of Nice in 325, which adopted the rule now followed by the whole church, of celebrating the festival on the first Sunday after

the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21st. Early in the morning of Easter the primitive Christians were wont to salute each other with the words, "Christ is risen," to which the response was made, "Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." The Greek Church still follows this custom.

There are many ceremonies, popular sports and superstitions, connected with Easter in different parts of the world. Among them is the English custom of making presents of colored eggs. In a royal account of the time of Edward I., preserved in the tower, appears an entry of 18d. for 400 eggs to be used on Easter. Children in both England and our own country knock eggs together to test the strength of the shells, the one owning the stronger shelled egg winning the egg with the weaker shell.

Some of the Irish believe that the sun dances on Easter morning, and the same superstition once prevailed in England. In another part of England a game of ball was played, until recently, by twelve old women, and in Northern England the men parade the streets and claim the privilege of lifting every woman they meet three times from the ground, receiving in payment a kiss or a silver sixpence. The women have the same privilege on the next day.

An Oxfordshire custom is to throw apples into the churchyard, after which all adjourn to the minister's home, and feast on bread, cheese and ale. In France at one time all the Jews in sight on Easter were stoned. It will be noticed that all the above customs, with the exception of the last, show a happy, gleeful spirit, and such is pre-eminently the character of the day, as it has been and is at present celebrated by the entire Christian world.

No matter what creed men believe or disbelieve, there is within the heart of the greatest philosopher and the most ignorant barbarian a hatred of death—a desire for the continuance of life beyond the grave. The fact that the Christian religion promises, to such a full degree, a sentient, individual existence beyond the grave, and, to the eye of faith, gives so many reasons for accepting the promises made as trustworthy, is probably the strongest reason for the general acceptance of the gospel. Be they ever so wise, men and women do not like to face the idea of individual annihilation proposed by so much of our skeptical thought. They don't want to believe that this short life, with its multitudinous sorrows and cares, is the sum of our existence, and as a consequence they gladly accept of anything which gives a promise of a life beyond.

As this principle of Christianity is, therefore, one of the strongest holds on human nature, it is but natural that the day which commemorates the "first fruits of the dead" should stand high in popular esteem, and that the glad hope of eternal existence which it fosters should brighten the eye and quicken the pulses of frail humanity. 'Tis well that it is so. There is a sufficiency of sorrow and pain in human life, and even though, as our scientific friends tell us, the entire hope be a false one, we will cling to it still; for if it is only a superstition—a vain imagining born of the vanity of mankind—it is one that has made many an otherwise unendurable life bearable; one which has strengthened the faltering, gladdened the dying, steelled the arm of the brave, cheered the heart of the bereaved and done "naught but good." Therefore, let all be glad on this coming Easter of 1902, call this potent belief in a happy immortality to the remembrance and assistance of all who, in this world of pain and disappointment, raise "a far cry to Heaven" for help in the hour of trial.—*Albion Mirror.*

The Legislature of Norway is known as the Storting. It is divided into two chambers; the Lagthing and the Odelsting, corresponding to our Senate and Assembly. It meets annually at times appointed by its own authority.

Only a Quarter.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing pitifully to his own.

"What do I want of chestnuts?" "Please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one reassured by the rough kindness of his tones. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you so very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry," said Ralph, smoothing her tangled hair. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you if it will do you any good." He did not stay to hear the delighted thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections the dark-orbed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down streets with rapid footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure alley she darted and up a wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat looking woman was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that supplied the place of the absent fire. "Mary, back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon!"

"Oh, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child; "A gentleman gave me a quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter."

If Ralph Moore could have seen the rapture which his small silver gift had brought into that poverty-stricken home, he would have grudged still less his privation of cigars.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver quarter.

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and blast of the bleak December night. A fire was glowing cheerily in the grate, and the dinner table was in a glitter with cut glass, rare china and polished silver. Everything was waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains pa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at her tiny watch.

"There's man with him in the study, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy of twelve years, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But as she opened it the gaslight fell on the face of an humble-looking man in threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would give him the vacant position in the bank."

"And will you?" she eagerly asked.

"Don't know, Mary, I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a hundred times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my promise, Mary," said her lover husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I will write the fellow a note this very evening."

An hour later when the children were tucked snugly in bed, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not forgotten in twenty years. "That's right, my little wife," said her husband, when the simple tale was finished, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting that self-same night in his poor lodgings, beside his wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous banker, Charles Audley.

"Goodness, Bertha," he exclaimed, joyfully, as he read the words. "We shall not starve. Mr. Audley has promised me the position."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, and pointed to a slip of paper on the floor. Moore stooped to pick it up. It was a \$50 bill neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters of life and after many days it had returned to him.—*Times-Herald.*

Two Bad Actors.

Years ago a theatre was situated in the gardens of a once well known but now demolished public resort in the north of London. There the proprietor, who played comedy parts, gave an actor, also "funny man," notice of dismissal. The latter, putting on an air of indignation, inquired why he was discharged.

"Well, you see, Jones," replied the proprietor bluntly, "you're a bad comedian."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Jones. "If I'm a bad comedian, so are you—a very bad comedian!"

"Ah," rejoined the proprietor, "that's what it is, Jones! The audience won't stand two bad comedians, so one of us has to go, and I'm dead sure that one isn't me."

Durability of Ancient Ink.

The labor required in making the manuscript books of ancient days was far beyond the understanding of the men of the present day, who possess all the modern adjuncts to that art. As those books were intended to last for many years, answering the same purpose as our printed tomes, the great desideratum in their preparation was durability. As a natural consequence, those who made them not only selected the best quality of parchment or other material to write upon, but also paid particular attention to the quality of the ink used in such work.

That they were successful in making the latter, is evidenced by the fact that in the majority of instances the characters inscribed on the most ancient manuscript rolls now preserved in the British Museum and elsewhere, are very legible, the ink being bright and black, and showing but little evidence of its great age. It is supposed that the superior quality of lampblack, prepared in a manner now unknown, was the true cause of this beautiful and lasting color of the ink in question.

Kilkenny Cats.

During the rebellion which occurred in Ireland in 1798, or it may be in 1803, Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothesline to fight. The officer, hearing of the cruel practice, resolved to stop it. As he entered the room one of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails in two as the animals hung across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the open window, and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting and had devoured each other, all but the tails.

The invention of gunpowder is attributed to Berthold Schwartz, a German alchemist of the Fourteenth Century.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1902.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the innocent and the weak
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

ACCORDING to a St. Louis correspondent, there are eighteen uneducated and friendless deaf-mutes in the poorhouse in that city. It is said that the greater number have been inmates for more than a quarter of a century. If any one wishes an object lesson on the value of education to the deaf and the deplorable results of ignorance, here is one that is complete and convincing. Lack of education means lack of opportunity, lack of friends, lack of happiness—if not before, at least after parents and relatives have passed away. There are cases where native intelligence and manual dexterity have triumphed over the conditions incident to mental neglect, but where the mind has not been cultivated life is generally made up of ill-paid drudgery and comparative failure. The institutions for the education of the deaf build wisely in the long ago. They sought, and still pursue, a practical curriculum. To-day they give an education that makes their graduates useful members of the world of industry. There is in the educational policy of most of the institutions an increasing tendency to give more prominence to what has been dubbed the utilitarian feature. Taking into account the home environments of the majority of the pupils, such a policy is wise and effective in its results. A good trade is the best and safest guarantee against the almshouse, and when this knowledge in any skilled specialty is supplemented by a good common-school education, the community, the State, and the home, are co-equal beneficiaries.

WHEN a newspaper alleged to be published in the interest of the deaf descended to personal abuse and unwarranted mud-throwing, the better element of its readers will sever their allegiance. The paper that prints nasty stuff, is like the loafer who talks and comports himself in a vulgar, nasty, and offensive manner, and the result is the same—both are avoided. Respectable people prefer respectable reading matter as well as respectable associates. The opportunities for legitimate criticism are many and the field is large, and we would suggest that "K. M." of the *Deaf World*, if he wants to be sensational, could easily accomplish that purpose without transgressing the rules of ordinary newspaper courtesy.

In the New York papers of last Sunday doubt was expressed whether the St. Louis Exposition would be ready in 1903. It is said that postponement for a year is being considered. This will affect the decision concerning the convention of the National Association of the Deaf. However, it would be well to remember that no official notice of delay in opening the Exposition has been made, and it is possible that everything may come off on schedule time.

THE American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, will hold its summer meeting at Chautauqua, in June of this year.

OUR Chicago correspondence has not arrived this week, up to the time of going to press. A double-header for next week.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

WISCONSIN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF HAS COMPLETED FIFTY YEARS OF USEFULNESS.

Wednesday, April 2d, at 9 A.M., in the Assembly Hall of the Institution, the Wisconsin School for the Deaf will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. Tuesday, April 1st, will be a day set apart for the public to inspect the school in session, so that all who desire may have an opportunity to see the work that is daily performed for 40 weeks every year. Tuesday evening a reception will be given, beginning, at 8 o'clock, to visitors and the school people.

Many invitations have been sent to former pupils and graduates, former teachers and members of Boards of Trustees and Boards of Control, editors of newspapers and prominent people, including the governor of the State. The principal address will be delivered by Pres. E. M. Gallaudet, L.L.D., of Washington, D. C., whose name is a household word wherever the deaf are taught throughout the civilized world. He is also founder and president of the first college for the deaf in the world.

The significance of this celebration is not confined to the school and the profession, but very much concerns this whole community in particular and the State in general. Delavan was but in its swaddling clothes when the idea behind the new movement of educating the deaf took root in Wisconsin soil. So common is such an affair now that it is hard to realize at this late day what a credit it was to the intelligence and philanthropy of the first settlers of Delavan. With hands full and struggling to overcome the difficulties incidental to pioneer life in what was almost a wilderness, they believed the enlightenment even of a few minds, shut up by the consequences of deafness, was worthy of their best efforts. And Heaven blessed their work as they knew it would, for they were God-fearing people, which was a fortunate thing for Delavan. Very likely, had it not been for that, the noble institution on the hill, so familiar to us all, would not now be overlooking this beautiful village, an everlasting monument to the wisdom and prescience of its founders.

But who are they for whom such a grateful remembrance is awakened in our hearts? They are Ebenezer Chesebro, and his two daughters, Belle and Mary, F. K. Phoenix, the parents of James A. Dudley, and John A. Mills, to whose labor the founding of the school was directly due, not to mention a number of prominent citizens of this place and neighboring towns who served as members of the Board of Trustees, among them Ebenezer Chesebro, F. K. Phoenix, who donated the site, N. M. Harrington, Henderson Hunt, W. C. Allen, Salmon Thomas, Wyman Spooner, A. L. Chapin, D. D., Willard Isham, S. Rees LaBar, D. G. Cheever, Albert Salisbury, James Aram and John Thomas. Of the founders but two remain, F. K. Phoenix and Miss Belle Chesebro, now of Kansas City; the rest are numbered with the dead, as are also, so far as known, all those who served on the Board, except Albert Salisbury and F. C. Phoenix. With these should be mentioned the brilliant young physician, Dr. J. R. Bradley, still living in California, who was the first principal, and Rev. Linois Foote, the second. Rev. Foote was the brother-in-law of Rev. J. Collie and died some years ago in California.

Dr. Collie himself may be regarded as one of the connecting links of the present with the past, for no man now living has taken more interest in the school, having been acquainted with its work for nearly 50 years and once the chairman of a committee to inspect it. Dr. Collie has promised to make a short address at the celebration.

It would be unfair not to state that this interest begun in the school by the pioneers of Delavan, has been kept up by both press and people. The school and the town have actually grown up side by side and there never was a time when the latter was not quick to note and condemn any mismanagement of its affairs or any outside interference with its work or welfare.

So it is no wonder that in memory of the past the school has taken pains to extend to Delavan and its people a most cordial welcome to rejoice with it over the splendid results of its fifty years of usefulness, which the people of Delavan have done so much to make possible. All over the State and Union are scattered 1200 men and women, in most every walk of life, many of them married and with families, enjoying the fruits of the education they obtained here. With very few exceptions they are among our best citizens, from the fact that they early acquired, with their instruction, those right habits of industry which are at the very foundation of all good citizenship, because such habits, either by ordinary or extraordinary intelligence, are in a large sense educative, instilling the mind with respect for law, property and

order, and rendering both the intellectual and moral nature very receptive to the best influences.—*Delavan Republican*.

Prof. Kerney at Prince's Banquet.

A *Journal-News* reporter had an interview with Prof. Charles Kerney, who returned home from Chicago last evening after an absence of two weeks. He was unexpectedly surprised to receive an invitation to Prince Henry's ball at the Auditorium Hotel, in Chicago, with two tickets to the banquet and supper. The invitation card is as large as a foolscap sheet and the most artistic ever seen in America. The ball attendants consisted of Chicago's fairest daughters and richest sons, who were royally entertained with the finest food and rarest wines. The royal visitor was voted as the handsomest and highest bred foreigner ever seen in this country. Princes have come to Chicago before. Presidents have tarried with in the city gates. Great soldiers and sailors, the laurels of fresh-world victories on their brows, have come and gone. But the ball at the Auditorium last Monday evening in honor of Prince Henry of Prussia, was by far the grandest and most imposing of all the entertainments in Chicago's almanac. There were 5,000 people at the ball. Imagine that \$350,000 were spent in Chicago alone during the Prince's visit. The Emperor's brother received 100 presents of all kinds in Chicago, mostly from his German admirers. A miniature refrigerator car sent by a stock yards firm and loaded with tiny hams, the car marked "Made for Germany," tickled him immensely.—*Evansville Journal-News*.

Sign Language on Railroads.

Flags and lanterns play an important part in the shipment of goods. These are the fingers with which trainmen signal mute warnings day or night to prevent accidents. Before a railway engineer can get a job he must pass a test for color blindness. A red flag (or lantern at night) means "stop," green, "caution," white, "clear," blue, "mustn't move this car." Some men cannot tell the difference between certain colors.

When a freight train stops, it shows a red signal at the rear platform or a brakeman goes back on the track with it, to warn any train behind. While running it displays a green signal. White at a switch post shows that the main track is open. If a man has to crawl under a car on a siding to fix it, he first hangs out blue flags or lamps lest some one should move the car and crush him.

The engineer hears through his eyes too, with regard to his own train. A brakeman's hand or lantern moving up and down say "go head," back and forth, "stop," in a small circle near the face, "back" and in a big circle at arm's length, "train has parted." He does his talking with whistles. A long toot and three short ones. "Brakeman, go back on the track and keep off train."—*The Little Chronicle*.

MOTORMEN MADE DUMB.

Fred Waite, the Third Avenue trolley car motorman, who was stricken with "aphonia" as the result of an electric shock on his car, declared to-day that many other motormen have met with similar accidents and been stricken dumb.

The Flower Hospital physicians say that Waite will probably recover the use of his voice in a few days.

Waite, who communicates his ideas by writing, informed the physicians that his trouble is very common among the motormen, but is very rarely brought to the notice of physicians.

One of the physicians attending him said to-day: "The nerves governing the muscles that draw the vocal chords tight and render them tense in speaking so that they can vibrate were paralyzed, and consequently though the man has full will to speak and knowledge of articulating he cannot carry out his wish and is speechless."

The name given to this inability to articulate is "aphonia." Waite is thirty-three years old and lives at No. 165 East One Hundred and Sixth street.

Wm. Cherry, the Canandaigua deaf-mute, who was a contestant in the recent walking match, called at the *Review* office yesterday, in company with some of his Watkins friends. He is still stopping at the Jefferson House, and was visited by his mother the fore part of the week. The purse given him in addition to his earnings in the contest amounted to \$25, and we understand that he is likely to be presented with another. Mr. Cherry appears to be an honest, intelligent young man, and he greatly appreciates what has been done for him by Watkins people. Manager Beard, of the Jefferson House, manifested his good will by giving him free entertainment during his stay here.—*Watkins, N. Y., Review, Feb. 26*.

A Deaf-Mute Sculptor.

From the *Phila. North American*.

Sculptor Hamar of Paris, France to whom was awarded the honor of executing the statue of General de Rochambeau, which will be presented to the city of Washington, says that the work will be completed in time for erection in Washington early in April. It will be ready for unveiling in that city May 24th.

M. Hamar, who is a deaf-mute, wrote for an interviewer that the work would be of about the same proportions as those of the Lafayette statue which was presented to France by the people of the United States. The figure will show General de Rochambeau standing, an arm extended in a gesture of command. At his feet is an allegorical figure holding two flags under an eagle, which carries in its claws the arms of the United States.

The idea shown is France protecting America, the flags symbolizing the alliance of the two countries.

M. Hamar is one of the most talented young sculptors in France. One of his first works to attract attention was "The Falconer," which was exhibited in the Salon of 1895. Another figure, that of a child, was one of the best shown at the Salon last year. A plaster cast of the Rochambeau statue will be seen at the Salon this season.

Amber in Ancient Rome.

In such repute was amber in Rome in the time of the historian Pliny that he remarks sarcastically, "The price of a small figure in it, however diminutive, exceeds that of a living healthy slave." He observes also, "True it is that a collar of amber beads worn about the necks of young infants is a singular preservative against secret poison, and a counter charm for witchcraft and sorceries." He says further that as an article of personal ornamentation amber was used to produce imitations of precious stones by artificial staining, a use to which it was peculiarly adapted, owing to its brilliant luster, combined with the ease with which it could be worked and polished.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

EASTER DAY, MARCH 30TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M. Service and sermon.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Sociable in St. Ann's Guild-room, Tuesday evening, April 1st.

E. M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D., will lecture in St. Ann's Guild-room, Tuesday evening, April 22d.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

March 30th, special Easter sermon by Dr. Johnston. The Easter hymn, "Angels Roll the Rock Away," will be rendered by Miss Grace Okie.

Bible Class at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Mr. E. A. Gruver, Principal of the Lexington Avenue School, will lecture on the evening of Thursday, April 3d, at eight o'clock. Subject, "How to Succeed." A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen's Appointments.

MARCH.
29—Afternoon, Brooklyn; evening, Belknap Falls.
30—Randolph.
31—Barre.

APRIL.
1—St. Johnsbury.
2—Burlington.
6—10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's Troy, Holy Communion.
6—3:30 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.
6—7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

Schedule of Services and Meetings.

BUFFALO.
Second Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church), 8 P.M. Evening Prayer.
Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.
In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.
First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer.
Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.
First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Aid Society.
All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

He Killed the Case.

A well known lawyer of Lancaster, Mo., related the following legal incident: One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dysart, who many years ago was a resident of our county. Sam was a born humorist and could have made his fortune in the lecture field. When he lived up our way, he was engaged on one occasion to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country. "Laughing and giggling" is the way the information read. The case was tried before Squire A. C. Bailey, a good old man who has long since gone to his final reward. Like all cases of the sort, it attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity of the alleged outrage. T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were very much frightened by being dragged into court. All the defendants were children of good families, and it was their first offense. They candidly admitted they laughed out in church, and the state insisted that by their own mouths they were condemned.

Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of Puritanic type, was the main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the service, and he testified that the peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the "rioters." After he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands, waiting for the defendants' attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to wait. The examination began like this:

"Brother Spears, you led the meeting that night?"
"I did, sir."
"You prayed?"
"I did, sir."
"And preached?"
"I tried to."
"And sang?"
"I sang."
"What did you sing?"
"There is a Fountain Filled With Blood, sir."

Here Mr. Dysart pulled a hymn book from his pocket and handed it to the witness with the remark: "Please turn to that song, Brother Spears."

The witness did so.

"That's what you sang that night?"
"It is, sir."

"Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please."

"What?"
"You heard what I said, Brother Spears."

"But I can't sing before this sort of crowd."
"Brother Spears," with much apparent indignation, "do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?"
"No, no—but, you see—"

"Your honor," said Mr. Dysart, "I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to just as he did on the night of alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence and very important. The reason for it will be disclosed later on."

There was a long jangle between the lawyers, and the court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing.

"And mind you Brother Spears," said Dysart seriously, "you must sing it just as you did that night. If you change a note, you will have to go back and do it all over again."

The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you and a crowd of courtroom habitués. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how these old-time hymns are sung in the blackwoods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement.

That's the way the witness did. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. If Gabriel's trumpet ever gets out of whack he could utilize that voice and wake the dead just as readily. It seemed to threaten the window lights. The crowd didn't smile, it just yelled with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The court bit his corncob pipe harder and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man and the other to Sam Dysart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him.

When the time for speechmaking came Sam remarked to the jury: "If you gentlemen think you could go to one of Brother Spears' meetings and behave better than you have here, why you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls."

This was all he said, but it gave the jury lots to think about. They brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home and court adjourned.—*Macon Republican*.

The Rev. David Bruner has retired from the ministry of the Baptist Church at Burgin, Ky., at the age of ninety-three, after a service of three-quarters of a century.

A Curbstone Tragedy.

On the sidewalk of a dingy South End street in Boston the other day, there stood a pile of household furniture.

Two cheap, painted bedsteads, a washstand, a few chairs, an old bureau with a cracked mirror, some mattresses from which a wisp of straw protruded here and there, a ragged quilt or two—these were the things which first caught the eye.

A second glance disclosed some old dresses, a high chair, a pair of men's boots, a child's hat and a heterogeneous mass of cooking utensils piled helter-skelter in a precarious pyramid.

The whole collection, if it had been displayed in the window of some second hand dealer, would hardly have won a glance; but here it attracted the attention of all who passed, for it spoke unmistakably of failure; of the house built upon the sand; of poverty, of disgrace, of the wreck of that sweetest ideal of life, a home.

Some of those who passed saw a tired looking woman sitting on the step, just inside the door, but very few noticed the children. They were huddled away in a corner, close to the building. The oldest was a frail girl of eleven. In her arms she held a baby, and curled up in an old rocking-chair beside her was a boy of four.

After a time the mother roused herself, and with a word to the boy and girl, went away down the street. The children still sat behind their barricade. When the baby cried the little girl rocked it back and forth in her arms till it became quiet again. The little boy fell asleep, curled up in the rocking chair.

The afternoon drew to a close. It was beginning to grow dark, and the night patrolmen had just relieved the day force, when one of the men from station five strolled through the little street on his first round of duty. He stopped when he reached the pile of furniture, and peering in behind it, discovered the children.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "We're waiting for mamma," said the little girl. "She's gone to find another place. We was put out here, cause we couldn't pay the rent."

The policeman soon persuaded the children that they had better go to the station-house. He rang the call for the patrol wagon, and in a few minutes the van drew up beside the curb, the children were lifted in, the gong clanged and the wagon rolled away.

Just as the driver turned the corner into Washington Street, a policeman hailed him from the sidewalk. He had a prisoner in charge, and by dint of much pushing and pulling, finally got him into the wagon. The prisoner was a middle-aged man, bloated and sullen and dirty. His hat was missing, and blood from a deep cut on his forehead had trickled down his cheek and soaked his shirt. He was too far gone in drunken stupor to resist arrest, or even to keep his place on the seat without assistance.

When the little girl caught sight of this wretched figure she began to cry. Still holding the baby in her arms, she crossed over to the drunken man, and with her torn and dirty little handkerchief tried to wipe the blood from his cheek.

One of the policemen interposed, gently. "You needn't do that," he said. "They'll fix him up all right at the station-house."

"He's my papa! He's my papa!" the child cried between her sobs.

"We didn't know where he was, and he's been gone all the week."

The officers looked at each other in silence. Even for them, with all their experience of life at low tide, there was nothing to say.

One of life's tragedies had played itself out to the last act before their eyes. No stage could have furnished a situation more dramatic or more logical, no pulpit a sermon with a more impressive moral.—*Youth's Companion*.

An Oath His Last Word.

BALTIMORE MAN STRUCK DUMB WHILE SWEARING AT HIS WIFE.

BALTIMORE, March 12.—Mrs. John Kelly, says her husband, who is in jail, was struck dumb while cursing her.

Kelly was arrested at her request. Mrs. Kelly informed the policeman that her husband, who was intoxicated, had chased her from the house and had threatened her with a razor. She said the blow had been ward off by her eldest son, a cripple, who struck the arm of his father with his crutch.

While Mrs. Kelly told her story to the policeman he listened, expecting to hear some noise from Kelly, who was inside the house.

"Your husband appears to be very quiet," said the patrolman. "He is quiet just now because he was struck dumb while he was committing awful blasphemy," said Mrs. Kelly.

Mr. Horace M. White, a deaf-mute, employed at the Indiana Institution for the Deaf, was run down and almost instantly killed by a Pennsylvania Railroad train on Friday afternoon, March 7th. He was a former pupil of the Indiana School, and at the time of his demise was thirty-nine years old.

Life a Century Ago.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat, a railway train, or an automobile.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car.

He could not send a telegram. He couldn't talk through the telephone.

He could not ride a bicycle. He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter.

He had never received a type-written communication.

He had never heard of the germ theory, or worried over bacilli and bacteria.

He never looked pleasant before a photographer, or had his picture taken.

He never heard of a phonograph or kinetoscope.

He never saw, with the aid of a Roentgen ray, through the human body.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter.

He had never used anything but a wooden plough.

He had never seen his wife using a sewing machine.

He had never struck a match on his pants, or anything else.

He couldn't take an anæsthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it.

He had never purchased a ten-cent magazine, which he would have regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world.

He had never seen a reaping machine, or a self-binding harvester.

He had never crossed an iron bridge.

He never read of an air-ship or a submarine boat.

In short, there were several things that he could not do, and several things he did not know.—*Memphis Appeal*.

Surely the last days are near, spoken of in the Book of Daniel, when "knowledge shall be increased." (Dan. xiv. 4)

In the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Paris, stands the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, about whom memories and traditions have woven a romance dating back to the first half of the Twelfth Century. Heloise was a niece of the Canon of Notre Dame and was intended for the cloisters. Peter Abelard was a tutor employed in educating her. Both belonged in high society. They fell in love to the scandal of the church, and a forced separation ensued. They privately corresponded, with undying love, until the death of Abelard. Heloise became Abbess of a Convent to which, after the death of her lover, she secretly had his remains transferred and buried. On her own death she was buried beside him. Their burial place was changed and their bones became united in one grave under the tomb in Pere la Chaise, to which for centuries the sentimental have made pilgrimage, and still continue to rave over the interrupted lovers, and to shed tears of sympathy over the grave of poor Abelard and Heloise.

Deaf-Mutes Married.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., March 24.—To Peter Mitchell, of New York, and Miss Leah Goldstein goes the record of having the quietest wedding ever recorded. Not a sound was heard, as every one present was, like the contracting parties, a deaf-mute.—*N. Y. Evening World*.

Life in Asia, the cradle of the human race, was a nightmare of horrors in the time of Genghis Khan, Timour, Bajazet, and the bigots of Islam. Even now, if we contrast the insecurity of life and property in Turkey with the peace and security we enjoy in the enlightened Christian civilization of Republican America, we can thank God we do not live under the despotisms of Asia, or the unspeakable Turks.

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's the Use, Where Slipshod Point is now, There used to be, when I was young, The land of Anyhow.

Don't care was king of all this realm; A cruel king was he. For those who served him with good heart, He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their task would slight, And cloud poor mother's brow, He'd say: "Don't care. It's good enough. Just do it anyhow."

But when in after life they longed, To make proud fortune bow, He let them find that fate never smiles And work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap Must learn to use the plough And pitch his tent a long way off From the land of Anyhow.

Of the world's five great gold-producing countries, Russia alone remains unprogressive. Her gold output now is practically the same as it was twenty years ago.

NEW YORK.

Misfortune and Sickness Their Lot.

TAYLOR HAS JUMPED.

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

Mrs. Fred. Knox is still very sick, and her trouble has developed into peritonitis. The best medical aid has been obtained and a trained nurse is constantly at the bedside. Mr. Knox himself is at present incapacitated from labor, and both of his hands and arms are swathed in bandages. His trouble is said to be an abscess, and it looks as if blood poison has set in. Both of their children, a boy and a girl, are being cared for by the parents of Mr. Knox. The sympathy of their friends is extended to them in their illness.

Here is some newspaper comment on Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute ball pitcher:

"Pitcher Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute, who, last year signed a two years' contract with Cleveland, and accepted \$100 advance money, only to jump to New York, has repented and expressed a desire to return to the Cleveland Club, to which he really belongs. President Kiloyl has decided to reinstate Taylor and play him this coming season. New York claims to have re-signed him last Fall, and is making a howl, but in view of fact that the New York Club, last Spring, took Taylor despite his having a Cleveland contract, and Cleveland advanced money in his inside pocket, the New York Club's wail is both hypocritical and inconsistent."—N. Y. Sporting Life, March 22d.

"Luther Taylor, the deaf and dumb pitcher, was second only to Mathewson last year. He is reported to have done the hard act to the Cleveland Club, but he may decide to leapfrog back again. He is a good pitcher."—N. Y. Journal.

It is said that Samuel M. Brown's lease of life is nearly ended. He was made the subject of a lecture, in the operating theatre of New York Hospital last week. His trouble is an anemic condition of the blood, and the disease is so far advanced that he is frequently delirious.

Miss Sarah C. Cassidy, of East Orange, N. J., died on the 16th of March, after a lingering illness. She was a beautiful and vivacious young girl, and a graduate of the New Jersey Institution in 1895. She was well and favorably known by the New York deaf.

Measles has invaded the households of two deaf friends, Messrs. Meinken and Pach. Both cases are very slight in character, and a quick recovery is anticipated. Scarlatina was successively and successfully gone through by three of Mr. Pach's children a short time ago.

A handsome girl baby, tipping the scales at eight and a half pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Stolowitz, on Tuesday, March 4th. The little one is to be named Celia.

Miss Agnes Major, after spending almost a year in the South, has returned East, not to her old home in New Rochelle, but to Orange, N. J., where she expects to permanently reside.

If the weather is pleasant, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be present at the Easter services in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. It will be the first time he has been at the church since he was taken ill, a little before Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stryker, accompanied by the former's mother, enjoyed the beautiful Sunday weather watching the fast horses on the Speedway.

On Wednesday afternoon (yesterday) the Fanwood Cadets gave an exhibition in drill at the Military Tournament in Madison Square Garden.

Harry Zorwich, after a brief stay in New York, went to Syracuse on March 20th, and is again industriously plying his vocation.

The wedding of Miss Katie Elsworth to Mr. William M. Fitzgerald is announced to take place a few days after Easter.

Miss Maggie Talley is doing quite a lot of dressmaking for private customers, but the "rush" may be over after Easter.

Living Antithesis.

An exchange says that the editor of a newspaper and his wife disagree materially. She sets things to rights and he writes things to set. She reads what others write, and he writes what others read. She keeps the devil out of the house as much as possible, and he retains him, and could not go to press without him. She knows more than he writes, and he writes more than he knows.—Ex.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The First Ball Game of the Season.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

A Few Notes of Interest.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24.—The baseball season has opened at last and under the most favorable auspices. The first game was played last Friday afternoon with Emerson Institute, and resulted in a walk-over for our boys. The weather was ideal, and the diamond in improved condition. Emerson, like most of the high schools in this city, has a very good baseball team, and they always gave Gallaudet a hard tussle. The score stood 19 to 3. Rosson, '02, made the first and only home run. The second game was played with Central High School, last Saturday afternoon, and was very exciting for the first few innings. Central does not seem to have such a strong team as last year. Anyhow our boys put up a better article of ball in the first two games. The work of our new men has been very satisfactory, and we are all sanguine of a creditable record. The new uniforms make the men look trim and neat, while their team work is better than it ever was. Manager Painter hopes to have games with the locals every week to put us in form before meeting the colleges. Below we give last Saturday's score:

GALLAUDET, R	H	E	A	E
Meunier, 2 b	1	1	4	1
Gellfuss, 3 b	2	1	4	0
Andree, r f	3	1	0	0
Rosson, c f	2	2	0	0
Worley, l f	2	1	0	0
Loveland, c	2	2	13	5
Lawrence, l b	4	3	5	0
Birgheer, s s	2	1	0	1
Painter, p	0	1	0	0
Eschierich, p	0	1	0	1
McDonough, p	0	0	0	1
Totals	18	16	27	9

C. H. S., R	H	E	A	E
Peck, 3 b	0	0	3	6
Beam, c f	0	0	0	0
Cunningham, p	0	0	0	0
Furley, c f	2	1	1	3
Magoffin, c	1	3	1	3
Cox, l b	1	1	15	1
Bristol, 3 b	0	1	1	2
Edwards, s s	1	0	0	8
Johnson, r f	1	0	0	0
Snow, l f	1	1	0	0
McDonald, l f	0	0	3	0
Totals	8	7	24	18

Two-base hits—Meunier, Gellfuss, Worley, Loveland, Lawrence 3. Three-base hits—Magoffin 2. First base on balls—Off Painter 3; off Eschierich 4; off McDonald 3. Struck out—By Painter, 4; by Eschierich, 3; by McDonald, 4. Umpire—Mr. Lusky. Time of game—2 hours.

Most of us were greatly surprised to read in the Washington dailies that the Mississippi School was completely destroyed by fire. One of the papers called it a college. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," Olof Hanson, who drew such elaborate plans for a new school building, will now see the erection of such an excellent one as he had devised.

Miss Frieda W. Bauman, '02, lectured to the Kendall School pupils last Friday evening on "Around the World in Eighty Days." Some of the college students were present.

William Marshall Lawrence, '02, in opening a "potted ham" can slightly scratched his thumb and forefinger in such a manner that any little fellow would have regarded it as insignificant, but our money spinner procured plenty of salve, linen, and spoiled his best kid gloves, to bandage up the wounds. You can now see him strutting around and holding his hand up before the gaze of all.

Horace B. Waters, '02, tonsorial artist and manicurist. That is what any one is likely to find on a shingle in a Missouri town one of these days. His room mate and another fellow lacking the where-withal, had him trim their hirsute coverings on their craniums, and you would say it was the work of a professional. Verily, our Horace is getting to be a jack of all trades.

Victor R. Spence, '03, the well known "lanky, lantern-jawed individual" of Minnesota, was the victim of a clever joke in the estimation of the perpetrators. The undersigned was given a small package and requested to hand it to Mr. Spence, at the same time telling him it was from a fair Co-ed. He was overjoyed and almost tickled to death. Running to his room and bolting the door, he carefully opened the package, which proved to contain only flax-seed, while his classmates enjoyed a laugh together. It was an April fool in advance.

Howe W. Phelps, '05, has displayed an abundance of college spirit on various occasions in the past. He now comes forward with an unique proposal. He has served notice to the baseball players that he will make the person, who has reached the highest average in batting for the season of 1902, a silver cup with the winner's name and the reason therefor inscribed thereon. The winner must have

played in at least twelve games. This offer should surely incite our ball tossers to their best efforts. As a consequence of this, Mr. Arthur Roberts, '04, has made a similar offer, but the winner of his prize will feel like thirty cents. Mr. Roberts agrees to present the poorest batter for the season one of Mr. Hoffman's celebrated pies, with the name of the winner and the reason therefor inscribed thereon. It is safe to say that no one is desirous of obtaining this prize.

The following are some more new books that students could have written, but which they didn't:

1. Anticipations.....The Senior Class.
2. Master Paintings of the World.....C. A. Painter, '02.
3. The Octopus.....A minority of the G. C. A. A.
4. The Long Arm.....V. R. Spence, '02.
5. Debating.....T. Y. Northern, '02.
6. The Portion of Labor.....The working gangs on the Garlie field.
7. Golf.....Adam Sprout Hewatson, '03.
8. Glimpses into Plant Life.....Messrs. Cowley, '03, and Marshall, '04.
9. How to Get Strong and How to Stay So.....J. C. Winemiller, '04.
10. Naked Truths and Veiled Allusions.....The undersigned.
11. Pen and Ink.....Wm. Pfander, '03.
12. The Land of Nod.....G. Schaefer, '02.

We wonder if some future aspirant for notoriety will pretend to find a biliteral cipher in our letters to the JOURNAL. Not wishing to be the cause of such a controversy that had lately been caused by Mrs. Gallup's discovery, we hereby give notice that no cipher exists in our letters. If anybody desires to know whose son I am, I will cheerfully inform, year after year, that I am the son of my father.

John E. Winemiller, '04, was transformed from a gentleman into a tramp the other evening in the space of a few minutes, all on account of a girl. By the way, the 700 Club had some mishaps, which they will not enjoy recalling.

Astonishing Moving Pictures at the Eden Musee.

At no other amusement place in the world are so many interesting moving pictures shown as at the Eden Musee. Every hour during the day and evening a series of twelve pictures is shown and as each series is a different one, visitors can see as many of these novel pictures as they desire. Every week a new series is received from abroad. The picture attracting the most attention is one showing the launching of the German Emperor's Yacht. Thousands of people journeyed many miles to see this event and yet not even Prince Henry or President Roosevelt was able to see the launching of the ship as well as visitors who see this picture. All the distinguished guests can be recognized. The camera was only a few feet away from where the bottle was broken, and even the label on the bottle can be read. Prince Henry proposes a toast and so does President Roosevelt. Miss Roosevelt receives a handsome bouquet of roses. Another picture attracting much attention is one showing a party of travellers climbing the Jung Frau, the highest peak of the Alps. Gradually they work their way up. Occasionally one of the party slips but is saved by the ropes. At last they reach the summit, and wave their blankets. This picture cost a large sum of money to take, as special landings had to be built up the mountain side for the camera. Another picture shows a panorama of the ruins of Pompeii. Still another picture gives any interesting bits of scenery among the waterfalls of Switzerland. But the pictures that please and astonish the most are the celebrated mysterious pictures. It is difficult to describe these pictures. It seems as if the visitor was in Fairy-Land, because all sorts of ridiculous and impossible things happen. Spells are passed, and fairies and hobgoblins vie with each other in making a general mix up. Beautiful women appear and disappear, and turn into all sorts of flowers and shrubs right before the visitor's eyes. Just how these pictures are produced is as much a mystery as the pictures themselves. The wax groups at the Eden Musee are at their best, and new additions are being made daily.

Judge Restored This Peddler's Hearing.

TRENTON, March 7.—Judge Jackson made a "deaf and dumb" man hear and talk to-day.

J. J. Harrison, a tall and distinguished man, was arraigned before him to-day on the charge of peddling without a license.

His plea for mercy was based upon his supposed affliction, but when the Judge complimented him on the qualities of his pencils he thanked the Judge audibly, offered some pencils for sale, and was fined \$2 for peddling without a license.

Holy Cities.

To Jews and Christians, Jerusalem; to Roman Catholics, Rome; to Moslems, Mecca, Medina and Damascus; to Indian Moslems, Allahabad; to Hindus, Benares, and to the ancient Incas, Cuzco.

To Buddhists of China, India is the Holy Land, being the birth place of Sakya Muni, or Gautama, the founder of the religion of Buddha.

During the Railroad Suit.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer, "my client demands \$10,000 damages."

"For what?"

"For loss of speech."

"But I thought he merely had two fingers cut off."

"Exactly, your Honor! He is a deaf mute!"—S. F. Bulletin.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

With no news of importance to chronicle, the thing uppermost in our mind now is again the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, whose doors have yet to be thrown open.

As Treasurer of the Society, we have been able to make observations, which will bear comment. We, however, disclaim speaking in an official capacity here. Our desire is only to help those who want information.

So far, we have been strongly impressed that, on the subject of the establishment of the Home, the deaf of the State are more united than upon any other. While this may be agreeable news, there are yet a good many deaf, who have not been reached, and whom the Society desires to reach, in order to get their assistance in the keeping of the Home, and in making it a credit to their intelligence and energy, and an example of their generosity. Here may be seen one of the great uses of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. The Society is to be the "pillar" of the Home. The prosperity of the Society, therefore, will mean prosperity for the Home. Simple as these facts may be, a good many seem to overlook them. They object to the Society, but favor the Home. Perhaps some of you will think we ought to be satisfied with the latter condition. Well, we might be; but would it not be better to gain the entire good-will of all through a perfect understanding of the relations of the Home with the Society. Let all understand that the Society is for the Home, and that all help given the Society will surely help the Home.

The membership in the Society is now larger than it ever was. When more deaf understand the objects of the Society it will grow larger still. The several Local Branches will be of great use in making converts for the Society. They have already done very excellent work.

Reports from different localities show that the deaf are making an energetic effort to raise all the money possible for the Home. Several have sent in big sums already; more is promised soon. Scarcely two weeks ago, the Executive Committee of the Society sent out a circular letter to the members of the Society, asking for individual contributions of one dollar or more. Some have already responded and we feel sure many more will contribute.

The work of the Society is much larger than it appears to be. Few know how much time and labor the officers must sacrifice; they are not salaried or paid, and they pay their fees just as other members do. Theirs is truly a labor of love.

With the Home open, their work will be even harder. Yet all they ask of the deaf is their confidence, good-will, encouragement and aid. Surely, they deserve this many times over; so let it be freely bestowed.

One thing more. The present administration has aimed to give its work all the publicity it ought to have, not in a spirit of vainglory, but rather in an effort to win greater confidence. Have you noted this fact?

The Philadelphia Local Branch will have a meeting at All Souls' Guild Hall, on Monday evening, March 31st. Any one can attend; but, of course, only members can vote. It will likely be a very interesting meeting.

Editor E. A. Hodgson, of New York, lectured before the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening, the 20th. His subject was "Helps and Hindrances," which proved very interesting and instructive. A large attendance was there, and an informal reception followed the lecture. The JOURNAL reporter did not see his chief's delivery, much to his regret.

Martin C. Fortescue, a carpenter in the employ of the Union Traction Company's car shops, met with an accident, on Wednesday of last week. He was at work trimming the interior of a car and somehow fell in the opening in the centre of the car floor, striking the corner of the open trap-door on his left ribs. An examination showed that a rib was partly fractured. The injury, however, was sufficient to lay him up for several days.

As usual, an elaborate Easter service will be held at All Souls' Church next Sunday afternoon. This being Holy Week, a service will be held every night from Tuesday to Friday.

Peter H. Moran is a cooper by trade and has a very steady position.

Harry F. Pidcock, of Lambertville, N. J., spent Sunday with Messrs. Smith and Hunt, of this city. They were old schoolmates.

Random Paragraphs.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

Saturday evening, March 23d, the regular monthly reunion, under the Fanwood Literary Association, was held in the sitting-rooms. At seven o'clock the big boys went to the girls' sitting-room, and the small girls came into the boys. Both divisions began with the grand march, after which lancers, the waltz and other dances and games followed. A most enjoyable time was had by all who were present. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Misses Steadman, Hamner, George, Mary Tanzas and Sergeant Frederick Berger.

In the last week's letter, the paragraph referring to the Loyal Band of Workers, the statements made were not right. The writer of this column has been requested to make a correction. It is that the Loyal Band of Workers meets every week, not fortnightly, and that they have been excused from meeting only once. It was last winter, when the day was very fine for coasting. The teachers in charge all wed them to go out and enjoy themselves, thinking it would do no harm. The result was that one of the girls tried to coast through the school building. Needless to say, her progress was stopped in no gentle way, and she was laid up a week in the hospital. Now to think of the Loyal Band of Workers not holding their meetings regularly every week, is out of question.

Saturday afternoon, having no time to do, the boys made up two teams and a match game of baseball was played. The game was very exciting and closely contested throughout the nine innings. It could not be decided which team would win until the close of the game, when the winning team won by only one run, the score being 13 to 12. The winning team consisted of Eldridge, catcher; Tompeto, pitcher; Renner, 1st base; Stern, 2d base; Cooke, 3d base; Drake, left field; Berger, center field; E. Berg, short stop; and Birck, right field. The other team was made up of Holmes, pitcher; Seelig, catcher; Van Tassel, 1st base; Powell, 2d base; A. Berg, 3d base; McAllister, short stop, Annett, center field; Westlake, left field; and Smith, right field.

The score by innings is given below:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Tompeto	2	0	2	0	4	1	3	1	13
Holmes	1	0	3	2	1	1	1	0	13

Cadet Osmond Loew went to see "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at the Broadway Theatre, last Saturday afternoon.

A large majority of the pupils went home on Thursday, March 27th, for the Easter vacation. It is nearly three months since they were at home, and this vacation will doubtless give them much enjoyment. They will return on the first of April.

Measurements and plans have been made for new fire-escapes to be put on the north and south wings of the Institution.

Sunday was a very beautiful and ideal spring Sunday. In the afternoon the boys had their first battalion drill review for the season.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, of the Board of Directors, was a visitor Sunday. He witnessed the boys' drill, and later on in the sitting-room, two boys showed him what they could do with the drum. He seemed much pleased with their progress. Already six drums and a bass drum have been bought for the drum corps, and are now in the store-room.

The boys are now allowed to go out of doors in the evening after supper. It is the earliest time for many years past.

Cadet Adolph Duerr has received a large engraving or roll of honor from the Betsey Ross Memorial Association, for getting up a club of thirty boys, each subscribing ten cents toward the fund for the preservation of the house in which the first American flag was made.

The boys have been measured this week for their new summer uniforms.

There are so many teachers here whose names begin with letter B, they have been nicknamed the "Bees." Miss Burchard, on account of her youth, is known as the Blushing Bee, Miss Buckingham has the appropriate name of Big Bee, while Miss Barrager fits the title of Busy Bee. There is no mistake in calling Mr. Burdick the Benevolent Bee. Miss Burgess is known as the Black Bee, and Miss Berry as the Buffalo Bee.

Messrs J. Rosenthal, B. H. Smith, Fred. Knox, John H. Keiser and Henry Schuermann, former pupils and graduates, were visitors last week.

W. R.

FANWOOD.

Monthly Social Reunion held on Saturday.

CLOSE BASE-BALL GAME.

Random Paragraphs.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

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W. R.

OHIO.

An Avalanche of Glassware.

A GREAT BALL PLAYER.

The Home Gets Good Water Supply.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

In the way of glassware, Mr. and Mrs. George Black are pretty well supplied now. Saturday, March 15th, was the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding, and in honor of the occasion they gave a reception at their home on East Rich Street, in the evening. One of the tables was literally covered with glassware, tokens of friends present and absent, a fine set coming from Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowley, of Canton, Ohio. Most of the evening was spent in conversation. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream and cakes, were served. The affair was a pleasant one, and enjoyed by all present. Those who were in attendance were Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, Principal and Mrs. R. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schory, Mr. and Mrs. F. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Sprague and daughter, Mrs. Harry Bard, Mrs. E. King, Mrs. Ella Zell Misses Biggam, Emma Bard, Munnell, Hall, Dresback, Harrison and Cunningham; Messrs Zell, Zorn, Beckert, Clum and Bazler.

The cause of Mr. Sawhill's death, mention of which was made last week, was appendicitis. A post-mortem examination revealed it. He had been sick only four days. Mr. Collins Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., and Miss Mannie Well, of Mansfield, attended the funeral.

In reference to George Kihm's having become a member of the Indianapolis Club for this season, the Dispatch of this city gives the following as his playing record:—

"George P. Kihm is the first baseman that has been selected to guard the initial bag for Indianapolis this coming season. He is said to be a great find, and President Watkins is enthusiastic over his ability in securing him. He has been with the Los Angeles, Cal., club, and few of Jim Morley's finds on the coast ever jumped into such instant popularity with the baseball-loving public there.

"The new man is a mute, but this does not interfere the slightest in his work on the field. He is five feet eleven and one-half inches high and weighs 175 pounds. His body is built in splendid physical proportion. Active as a cat on his feet, he is said to cover a marvelous amount of territory around the initial sack, and simply 'eats up' everything that comes his way. With his splendid fielding he is said to be a good, hard, consistent performer with the stick, and he uses excellent judgment on the bases coupled with speed that many a sprinter might envy.

"Kihm is a Crawford county, Ohio, product, having been born in August of 1873. He began playing ball as an amateur in 1893, and his first professional engagement was with the Findlay, O., club in 1895, which was transferred to Jackson, Mich. This team won the pennant of the Michigan league. In 1896 he played with Tacoma and was taken up by Toledo on the disbandment of the Pacific league. In 1897 and 1898 he played with Ft. Wayne, and in 1899 was with Wheeling, retiring because of illness.

"In 1901 he was with Troy of the New York State league, and had he not broken his thumb on July 13th, 1901, he would have finished the season with Boston. His release was all but secured when the accident ended negotiations."

A telephone message from the Home, Wednesday morning, announced "Water struck!" and for one of the members of the Board to come up and make an inspection. Accordingly, Mr. A. H. Schory, who has the matter in charge, went up in the afternoon. A vein of fine water had been struck at a depth of 138 feet. The pipe used is five inches in diameter and the water rose in it to the height of 115 feet. It is thought this will be ample for all purposes. A wind-mill with a tower and tank will be added as soon as arrangements can be made, ample money being left in the fund for the purpose to pay for these improvements.

Mr. and Mrs. Albertus Wornstaf, came down to Columbus, Thursday afternoon. The former returned home in the evening. Mrs. Wornstaf went to Zanesville, Friday morning, to visit her mother and friends, and incidentally to pack up household goods, preparatory to moving into

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water.

One sure preventative of moths is tansy. Sprinkle the leaves freely about your woollens and furs, and the moths will never get into them.

If a bathtub becomes very shabby sandpaper it well, then give two coats of ordinary white paint, letting the first dry thoroughly before the second is applied. Then when the second is dry give a final coating of bath enamel, or two coats if necessary.

Although the carpet sweeper is a labor-saving device the carpet will need a thorough sweeping with a broom occasionally. Remove upholstered chairs and couches from the room if convenient, but if not cover them while sweeping. There is nothing so destructive to their beauty as to allow them to become covered with dust every sweeping day. Open the windows or doors and sweep with quick, firm strokes that will clean the carpet without injuring it. If the broom is dampened frequently it will not raise a cloud of dust. Or a better plan would be to sprinkle salt over the carpet before sweeping. It cleanses the carpet beautifully and brightens the colors.

When the dust has settled, remove the covers from the furniture and dust the wood work carefully. Use a soft feather duster for bric-a-brac and vases; a large square of cheesecloth is better for other articles. When the dust has settled on the walls, wrap a cloth about the brush part of the broom and wipe it off.

There is a great deal of difference in the quality of work that a broom will do and the length of time it will last. One that is used every day should be washed once a week. Prepare a bucketful of suds by dissolving washing powder in hot water and dip the broom up and down in it until the straws look clean and new. Rinse well and hang it up to dry. This toughens the straw so it will not bend easily. The broom should never be set down in the corner after it is used, bending the straw over and making the broom one-sided. Have a hook screwed in the end of the handle, and insist upon having the broom hung up when not in use. It will greatly lengthen its period of usefulness and the sweeping will be easier.

Arctic Belles.

Some of the most costly dresses worn by women are those which are owned by the belles of the arctic regions. In those lands of ice the women dress themselves by the light of the aurora borealis in costumes more valuable than those worn by the richest women in New York or Paris. Frequently the wardrobe of a semi-savage girl consists of furs that would sell for \$10,000 in the haunts of civilization. It is no uncommon thing for a woman of the arctic circle to wear a dress of sealskin with a hood of that rarest of fur, the silver fox. The average value of a dress worn by a woman on the headwaters of the Columbia and Fraser rivers is said to be \$7,000, it being composed entirely of valuable skins.

1893 1902

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT and RECEPTION

of the
N. J. Deaf-Mutes' Society,

AT
LYRIC HALL,
301-303 Plane St., Newark, N. J.,

Saturday Evening,
April 12th, 1902.

Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Curtain raises at 8:30 P.M.

Music by Prof. Kumbe.

Admission - - 50 cents.
(including wardrobe)

TO REACH HALL—Take Cortlandt Street or Desbrosses Street and Twenty-Third Street Ferries to Jersey City. Then take the (Penn. R. R.) train for Newark, N. J. Walk to the Hall, but a few minutes—about eight blocks from the Penn. R. R. Station in Newark. Or take the trolley from Jersey City to Newark. Ask the conductor to stop at Plane Street, then walk to the Hall, a few doors from Market Street on Plane Street.

THE COMMITTEE.

ONE of our Deaf-Mute Agents in Michigan is making \$15 a week selling our Pictures and Books. You can do as well around your own home if you try. Write at once.

The Walker Publishing Co.,
134 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT

(By request of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet)

BY THE

Hollywood Club

(of Deaf-Mutes)

IN AID OF THE

Guild of Silent Workers.

Presenting the successful pantomime

"The Sailor's Reward."

ON

Saturday Evening,
April 19, 1902

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

AT THE

Guild Rooms
of St. Ann's Church

A Social will follow at the conclusion of the Play.

Tickets.....25 cents
(including refreshments)

BUSINESS COMMITTEE:

R. E. Maynard, Henry Beuermann,
I. Golland, Jr., Chester Q. Mann,
Wm. Thomas, A. Hockstahl.

Tickets can be had of the members of the Hollywood Club or members of the Guild of Silent Workers.

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MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

ENTERTAINMENT AND RECEPTION of the Brooklyn Deaf-Mutes' Club

ARION HALL, Arion Pl. and B'way,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Evening,
May 10, 1902.

Music by Prof. Chas. A. Kleine.

THE PLAY WILL BE

HUMPTY DUMPTY and
HAPPY HOOLICAN

Take notice—This play will be run regardless of expense. There will be a real monkey, a billy goat and chickens.

Also Prof. Yeorgier and his five-year old son will give a bag punching exhibition in his patented bag punching machine. The furniture and fixtures used at this play are the property of the Club.

The Hall will be handsomely decorated with fancy silk flags of all nations. There will be no reserved seats sold, so come early and get a good seat.

Gents' Tickets, (including hat check), **50 cents.**
Ladies' " " " " " " " " **25 cents.**

FOR A JOLLY GOOD TIME GO TO THE

Grand Masque and Civic Ball

OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club

AT

WASHINGTON HALL,

829 to 833 Broadway, near Park Ave.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ON

Saturday Evening,
April 5, 1902.

Music by the YATES ORCHESTRA.

TICKETS, - - 25 Cents Each.

PRIZES: For the most handsome, and most comical costumes.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Vincent de P. Keely, Chairman,
110 South First St., Brooklyn.
Herman Beck, Robert H. McVea,
Henry Prinsinzin, Joshua Levy.

TO REACH HALL: Take Roosevelt St., Grand St., Twenty-third St., or Forty-second St., ferry to Broadway, Brooklyn; then take Broadway surface cars or Elevated Railroad train at foot of Broadway, to Park Ave. There is an elevated station at Park Ave. From Bridge take Flushing Ave., Myrtle Ave., or Park Ave., surface cars to Broadway—a few minutes walk to hall. Elevated Railroad at Bridge, take Bath Beach, or Bay Ridge trains to Bridge St., station, change for an East New York loop train, ride to Gates Ave. station on Broadway, then change again to Broadway Ferry train (green light) for same station, going in opposite direction; get off at Park Ave. station.



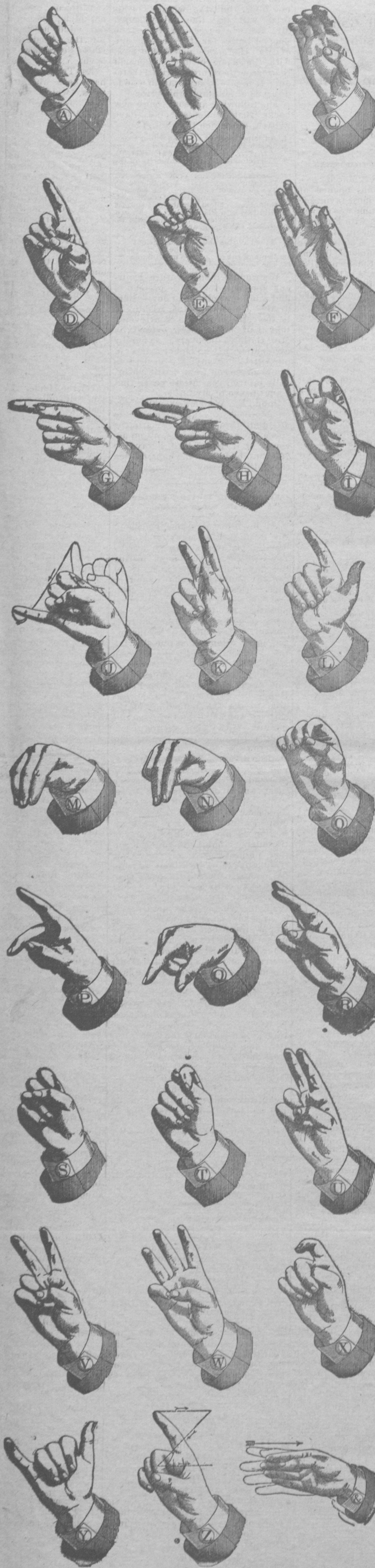
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